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WATTS'S MONUMENT.

Original Communications.

DR. ISAAC WATTS.

THIS eminent divine, poet, and philosopher, was born at Southampton, in 1674. When very young, he took great delight in reading; and the promise he gave of abilities and industry produced an offer from some gentlemen to charge themselves with his education at one of the English universities. But this kind proposal he declined, declaring his resolution to take his lot among the dissenters. At the age of fifteen, he wrote Latin and English verses which displayed considerable poetical talents. Having finished

his academical studies, he returned to his father's house, where he remained two years studying the scriptures in their original languages. When twenty-two, he accepted an invitation from Sir John Hartopp, Bart., at Stoke Newington, to take the office of domestic tutor to his son. In this situation he continued five years; and the manner in which he discharged his duty to his pupil, laid the foundation of a friendship which was only terminated by death.

In his twenty-fourth year, he was chosen

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assistant to Dr. Isaac Chauncy, pastor of the congregation in Mark Lane, London. His services proved so acceptable that, in 1702, he was chosen Dr. Chauncy's successor. His delicate constitution, however, rendered it necessary to provide him an assistant; but he continued to perform the duties of his station till a violent attack of fever, in 1712, so shattered his frame, that he was obliged to intermit his services for four years. One happy effect of this visitation was, his introduction to Sir Thomas Abney, who took him to his own house, where, under his care and that of his lady, he was supplied with every comfort that could contribute to the restoration of his health and spirits. Nor was this a temporary act of kindness; for the house of Sir Thomas and that of his widow was the home of Dr. Watts during thirty-six years, the remainder of his life; and it would be difficult to produce an instance of a connexion of friendship between literature and opulence so long, so intimate, so free from any discordant or unpleasing feelings, and in which the relation of patron and dependent were so thoroughly obliterated by the perception of reciprocal benefits. His life passed in this retreat with no other variation than that of his public services and his private studies, of which the numerous fruits raised him to a high degree of popularity. His reputation procured him, without his knowledge, the honour of the degree of doctor in divinity from the universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen, in 1728. His weak constitution, by great care and temperance, held out to a good old age; though increasing infirmities gradually obliged him to relax, and at length to resign, his ministerial duties. His congregation, however, would not accept the renunciation of his salary, which, at the same time, he offered. After an almost imperceptible progress of decline, he calmly expired at Stoke Newington, on November 25, 1748, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

Dr. Watts was a man of quick parts, of warm feelings, lively fancy, and of a very comprehensive understanding, capable of great diversity of pursuits. The devotional spirit may be regarded as his ruling passion, which diffused its influence over all his exertions. It is particularly conspicuous in his poetry, that branch of his compositions to which he owes his chief celebrity. Candour and gentleness of disposition are so strongly impressed throughout even his polemical writings, as to have called forth the admiration of such an uncompromising high churchman as Dr. Johnson; for "the meekness of their opposition and the mildness of their censure." Most men's minds would have been soured against a party by whom their parents had suffered. The father of Dr. Watts, who was a deacon of a

dissenting congregation, was several times imprisoned for nonconformity; and his mother was known to have sat frequently on a stone near the prison door, patiently waiting some communication with her husband, with the doctor, when an infant, at her breast. "Watts's Logic" is known to every one; it has been accounted the best popular treatise on the subject; and has been the text-book of most of the universities in Great Britain. A supplement to it has also gained great favour—the "Improvement of the Mind." "Its radical principles," says Dr. Johnson, "may be found in 'Locke's Conduct of the Understanding;' but they are so expanded and ramified by Watts, as to confer upon him the merit of a work in the highest degree useful and pleasing." But the great mass of his writings are theological, consisting of sermons, discourses, essays, controversial tracts, &c., which have been collected into six volumes. Dr. Watts will always be considered as one whose whole life was devoted to the best interests of mankind.

In the south area of Westminster Abbey is erected a monument of white marble to his memory. It is composed of a good bust of the doctor, which is supported at the sides by mourning genii with inverted torches. Beneath, within a circle, is an *alto-relievo* of Watts seated in his study, in an attitude of deep contemplation; with an angel guiding his pen, and unfolding the wonders of creation.

THOMAS BANKS,

THE sculptor of the above monument, and which was one of his earliest works, is much less known than his genius merits. He was born in Lambeth, December 22, 1735.

He was placed by his father under Mr. Kent, whose name is well known in the architectural annals of that period; but shewing afterwards a preference for sculpture, he studied that art with great success in the Royal Academy, then lately instituted. He obtained the decided approbation of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who pronounced him the first British sculptor who had produced works of classic grace; and said, that the mind of Banks was for ever dwelling on subjects worthy of an ancient Greek. He received the gold medal—a reward which the Academy gives to merit of the first class; he was also elected to be sent to Rome to pursue his studies at the expense of that establishment. He arrived safely at Rome in August, 1772, in the thirty-seventh year of his age, and instantly commenced his studies. He was chiefly attracted by the splendid specimens of Grecian genius with which that city is crowded; and pondered over the reigning character of those noble

works—making drawings and taking measurements with a neatness and precision not then very common among English artists. He confessed that all the visions of excellence which had ever visited his dreams were now realized before his waking eyes—that the antique sculpture fairly transcended all that he had conceived of it; and that in the heroic style of art, rivalry with those magic marbles was more than hopeless.

The residence of Mr. Banks at Rome was prolonged beyond the limits allowed by the Academy; for his enthusiastic admiration of the antique which can only be seen in perfection in Italy, and his eager endeavours to imitate the simplicity and elegance of its best specimens, made him unwilling to quit a spot where he could contemplate its beauties with unremitting delight. While residing there, he produced, among other works, an exquisite figure of Cupid catching a Butterfly, an emblem of Love tormenting the Soul, the size of small life; and was esteemed at Rome a production of the first-rate merit. Of it, his biographer says that, "perhaps for grace, symmetry of form, and accuracy of contour, it has scarcely been equalled by a modern hand, and might almost vie with those productions of the ancients, to which his admiration as well as his emulation had been so constantly directed."

But though his fine works brought him fame, they were not accompanied with much profit; and, after a sojourn of seven years abroad, he at length resolved on returning to London. He was, however, soon after he arrived in England, enticed by very favourable prospects held out to him by the court of Russia, to repair thither, taking with him the above-mentioned Cupid and Butterfly, which was purchased by the Empress Catherine, and placed in a temple constructed for the purpose in her gardens at Czarscozelo. After a residence of nearly two years in a climate that proved detrimental to his health, and disappointed in his hopes, he returned to his own country, and, soon afterwards obtained the rank of academician. It is customary, on this honour being conferred, to present a work of art to the Academy; that which he gave was the figure of a fallen Titan, two-thirds the size of human life. The giant is represented stricken, or thrust headlong down from heaven—a rock following his fall has crushed his foot—and he lies prostrate, struggling in his torture. It has been admired for its anatomical beauty, as well as for the grandeur of the conception. "But," says Allan Cunningham, "to be fully felt, it must be considered in connexion with a work of far greater grasp, though of very small extent, from the same hand—a representation in relief of the battle between

Jupiter and the Titans. It is ten or twelve inches long, some seven inches high, and comprised in an oval; yet it is wonderful to see the genius, not unmixed with absurdity, which he has displayed in that small space. Heaven is above, the earth is beneath—in the former, all the gods and goddesses have come forth, while Jupiter, seated in the centre, personates, not inaptly, these noble lines—

'And from the middle darkness flashing out,
By fits he deals his fiery bolts about.'

He holds a thunderbolt in his right hand, and with his eye fixed on the victim, seems ready to launch it. The god appears not to have taken up the matter a moment too soon. Beneath him, a sea of gigantic forms lie crushed and weltering; yet some who have survived their brethren, are preparing, with enormous rocks, to pile up a way from the mountain-tops to heaven. Against these, the right hand of Jupiter is lifted, and all the conclave of heaven sit composedly watching the result. The interest of the scene, however, is not above, it lies below. There we see no unworthy image of that scene of desolation, described so sublimely by Milton, where Satan and his companions are cast into hell, confounded, though immortal; the linked thunder and the wrath of God pursuing still. We also see the germ of the fallen Titan itself. Looking at both, we cannot refrain from lamenting, that a man capable of such things should have mourned away three-fourths of his life over disappointed hopes. He died on the 2nd of February, 1805, in the 70th year of his age, and was buried in Paddington Churchyard.

In Westminster Abbey, a tablet is erected with this inscription:—"In memory of Thomas Banks, Esq., R.A., sculptor, whose superior abilities in the profession added a lustre to the arts of his country, and whose character as a man reflected honour on human nature."

ON USEFUL INSECTS AND THEIR PRODUCTS.

BY JAMES H. FENNELL,

Author of "*A Natural History of Quadrupeds*," &c.

(Concluded from page 296.)

ORDER VIII. — HEMIPTERA. The ancients used to encage the insects of the tree-hopper tribe (*Tettigonia*, *Tettix*, or *Cicada*) for the sake of their chirping, and the Athenians were so enamoured of them that they used to decorate their hair with golden images of them. From the days of Homer, who compares old men's garrulity to the chirping of these insects,* they have enjoyed poetical celebrity; and Anacreon has in-

* Homer's *Iliad*, p. 150—151.

scribed a celebrated, but inaccurate, ode to them. Aristotle says that they were eaten by the most polished Greeks, who accounted them delicious, and that the grubs (*worms* he calls them) live and grow in the earth; that they transform from grubs to *tettigometra*, (meaning thereby pupæ or chrysalides;) that they are most delicious just before they emerge into the perfect state; and that of the perfect specimens, the males at first have the best flavour, but the pregnant females are preferable.* Atheneus and Aristophanes mention their being eaten; and Ælian expresses indignation at the fact that these insects, sacred to the muses, were strung, sold, and eagerly devoured in his own time.† Pliny says that the Eastern nations, even the wealthy Parthians, used to eat them.‡ In modern times, the Aborigines of America pluck off the wings of *Tettigonia septemdecim*, and then boil the insects for food.§

Lieutenant Welstead says, that in some parts of Persia the manna collected from various trees is believed to be an insect secretion upon them. Burckhardt observes, that at Erzoum a substance of the taste and consistence of manna distils from the gall-bearing trees, and which is a principal food of the inhabitants. This substance probably arises from the insects that have caused the galls. Botanists suppose that the medicinal manna of our shops, procured from Sicily and Calabria, is a gum that exudes from the flowering ash, (*Fraxinus ornus*;) but entomologists suspect that it is the production of plant lice (*Aphides*) infecting that tree; and it is the opinion of many that honeydew, which somewhat resembles fresh manna, is nothing more than the excrementitious droppings of insects of this kind.

In the order COLEOPTERA, I gave the reader a concise account of what should be called fire-beetles, to distinguish them from what is properly called the fire-fly, or lantern-fly; owing to a neglect of which distinction much that has been written about fire-flies is so confused as to be quite unavailable in natural history. The true lantern or fire-fly belongs to the present order, and is called *fulgora lanternaria*. Madame Merian relates the first discovery of its luminous property, and the fright which she experienced when she opened a box containing some lantern-flies, and beheld it full of fire.|| Mr. L. Guilding says that a glass filled with healthy specimens presents a splendid appearance.¶ In some places they are used instead of candles.

I have now to conclude this lengthy essay on the useful insects and their products; certain that I have shewn that the examples are numerous, and sufficiently so to prove the absurdity of neglecting or despising any creatures on account of their minuteness; as they supply nourishing food and costly garments to man, we may say of them, that they are little and good, and well deserve our gratitude, study, and investigation.

THE DEATH WALTZ* OF GERMANY.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

'Tis a waltz's graceful music
All on the sunny air;
Yet a passing bell is tolling
Heavily, heavily there.

That measure, were it lightsome,
Were fit for festal day,
While youths and maids are gliding
Like elfin forms away.

But ah! in mournful semblance,
Faltering like heart-heaved sigh,
That music may but marshal
One that moves on—to die!

There is a file of soldiers
On the wide esplanade,
And by the ruin'd rampart
Is an open coffin laid.

They lean on their heavy muskets,
Their cheeks are deadly pale;
And oh! they convulsive shudder
As the music comes up the vale.

The sun shines bright upon them,
Yet are they cold and chill,
As they watch for a fatal signal
A death-doom to fulfil.

The fall of unnumber'd footsteps,
The roll of the muffled drum,
Blending with that sad cadence,
Tell that the hour is come.

His step is proud and martial,
His face is young and fair—
Is it his passing-bell that's tolling
Heavily, heavily there?

He looks on his guards serenely;
Can he be a criminal?
He turns from the smother'd accents
Of the serjeant-mareschal.

"Mine eyes may not be cover'd
While my bosom heaves with breath;
For yet have I never shrunken
To gaze on the face of death."

He bends to the old confessor—
"Observe my sole bequest!"—
He waves his hand in silence,
And lays it on his breast.

A flash, and a sudden echo,—
A gushing of crimson gore,—
And their steps die away like the shaling
Of shingles on the shore.

* Aristotle's *Hist. Anim.* lib. v. c. 30.

† See Bochart, *Hieroz.* vol. ii. lib. iv. c. 7. p. 491.

‡ Pliny's *Hist. Nat.* lib. xi. c. 26.

§ Peter Collinson, in the *Philosophical Transactions* (1763), n. x.

|| Merian's *Insects of Surinam*.

¶ *Magazine of Natural History*, vol. vii. (1834), p. 371.

* It is said that a waltz of a peculiarly mournful and impressive character is played before the condemned on their way to execution. Waltz music is national among the Germans.

† Shaling—a word not to be found certainly in Johnson, but which has been applied by a modern writer to express the sound caused by the reflux of a wave which has broken on a shingly beach.

The moon is veil'd in vapour,
Though 'tis a summer's night,
And a monk and a trembling maiden
Are groping for lack of light.

They come by the ruin'd rampart,
They tread the esplanade,
And the monk mutters prayers unheeded
By that bereaved maid.

She stoops where the ground is trampled
And the earth but newly turn'd,
Where a flower is wildly waving,
Dim through the gloom discern'd.

She lays it in her bosom,
Damp though it be with dew,
As though 'twere a farewell token
From him that was brave and true.

She turns from the ruin'd castle,
She and that old grey friar;
And they speak not a word as they wander
On to the convent choir.

She has swooned in the silent chapel
Where lamps burn evermore;
For the flower she had shrined in her bosom
Is wet with red drops of gore!

The monk he essays to raise her
With his old wither'd arm;
He signs her with holy water,
And mutters many a charm.

"Alas! that all unhousehold,
Body and soul should part!—
O blessed Virgin, shield her,—
She dies of a broken heart!"

The nuns a dirge are chanting,
All as they move along,
Where the streets seem as hush'd and hallow'd
As the choir at evensong.

A fair young girl is lying
As on a couch in sleep,
While an old confessor totters,
Who cannot choose but weep.

Fresh flowers are on her temples,
Wreath'd in her shining hair;—
Her hands are on her bosom,
Half-raised, as if in prayer.

But ah! one slender finger
Fast holds a starry bloom,
That she, with the love of woman,
Is bearing to the tomb.

Its petals all are wither'd,
Closed is its deep blue eye,
And on its faded relics
Are spots of crimson dye.

RHINELM.

DISEASES OF THE EAR.

NO. IV.

SYRINGES were formerly very inefficient instruments, and remained so until Assalini, Buonaparte's Neapolitan surgeon, suggested an improvement in the piston and shape; but he did not alter a very material part—viz., the nose. There was still the short thick ivory tube, which prevented the liquid that was injected from passing behind any substance in the auditory passage, such as hard wax, &c., whereby the entrance of sound would be mechanically obstructed.

With such a defective syringe it must be impossible to vary the direction of the injected lotion; and it is not at all surprising that country apothecaries have syringed their patients' ears for many weeks, daily, without affording the least relief. Kramer, of Berlin, who condemns in a most uncourteous, self-sufficient manner the opinions and practice of every person who has ever written on the subject of the ear, recommends, for want of knowing better, an obsolete form of syringe which would disgrace the early periods when aural surgery was being rescued by scientific men from the control of old women; and, in his account of using the instrument, he fully proves the truth of the observations made by the late Mr. Abernethy to his pupils, when he stated, that general surgeons were entirely unacquainted with the proper method of using the syringe to the ear; indeed, no one can betray more ignorance of the subject than Kramer has done.

Nearly thirty years ago, finding the syringe, with all its improvements, still defective, I caused a taper silver tube, above three inches long, to be made to screw on in place of the ivory one, and more recently, I have my pistons made of collars of leather, similar to those of an air-pump. The bore of the syringe must be truly cylindrical, and of the same size throughout.

The way to use the syringe is, to screw the silver tube to the body of the instrument, the joint of which must be air-tight, by a proper washer; then insert the end of the tube into the lotion, fill the syringe in the usual manner, return the lotion into the basin, so as to expel any portion of air which may be in the tube, or body of the syringe, fill it again, place the right thumb in the ring, the body of the instrument between the first and second fingers of the same hand, while, by applying the left hand to the auricle, the obliquity of the auditory passage is so reduced, that by varying the position of the instrument, any substance, even at the bottom of the passage, is speedily and painlessly removed, without wetting the patient, the linen, or the dress. Any person who may have been so unfortunate as to have had the ears syringed by a general surgeon, or a copyist of Kramer, will be able to appreciate the difference very fully.

The reason why air should not be sent into the ear with the lotion is, that bubbles so injected will, even in a healthy person, prove unpleasant; but if there be disease in the ear, vertigo and pain will supervene.

The syringe is not only used for removing indurated wax, &c., but for many other purposes, as will be noticed in the proper places.

We now come to a very numerous class

of cases, those which have either a small quantity of viscid wax lining the auditory passages, or a total absence of any secretion whatsoever, with, in some instances, headache, vertigo, or noises in the head and ears.

One old-established aurist, highly and justly esteemed for his honourable professional conduct, often dismisses these cases as originating in nervous deafness, and incurable. Another has taken up the idea that the membrane, commonly called the drum, has become thickened, and applies a lotion of lunar caustic, syringing after the lapse of a few minutes. This opinion of his, nearly proved fatal to the Duke of Wellington, about twenty years ago, for there being a perforation in the membrane, the caustic went through into the cavity beneath, brain fever came on in a few hours, and his Grace's life was only preserved by the most prompt and active measures. I was called in to attend the Duke, and have continued to do so ever since; but the left ear is irrecoverably lost. Similar has been the result of the same application to the ear of Sir Charles Scudamore, M.D., who came to me in a state of great pain; and greater or lesser has been the mischief this application has occasioned in numerous instances.

W. WRIGHT.

Le Feuilleton of French Literature.

"THE RHINE."

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN FRANCE," ETC.

LETTER XIX.—(Concluded.)

A WEEK ago, perhaps it was about one in the morning, I was writing in my room, when suddenly I perceived the paper under my pen become red, and, on lifting my eyes, discovered that the light did not proceed from my lamp, but from my window, while a strange humming noise rose around me. I hastened to ascertain the cause. An immense volume of flame and smoke was issuing from the roof above my head, making a frightful noise. It was simply the Hotel P—, the house adjoining mine, which had taken fire.

In an instant, the inmates of the *auberge* were awake, all the village was astir, and the cry, "*feu! feu!*" was heard in every street. I shut my window, and opened the door. The large wooden staircase of my hotel, which had two windows, almost touched the burning house, and seemed also to be in flames. From the top to the bottom of the stairs, a crowd of shadows,

loaded with divers things, was seen pressing, jostling, and making way, with all possible speed, either to the top or to the bottom. It was the inmates of the *auberge* removing their effects,—one nearly naked, this one in drawers, that one in his shirt; they seemed scarcely awake. No one cried out—no one spoke. It was like the humming of an ant-hillock.



As for me, for each thinks of himself at such a time, I had little luggage. I lodged on the first floor, therefore ran no other risk than that of being forced to make my escape by the window.

A storm arose in the meanwhile, and the rain came down in torrents. As it always happens, the more haste the less speed. A moment of frightful confusion ensued; some wished to enter, others to go out; drawers and tables, attached to ropes, were lowered from the windows; and mattresses, nightcaps, and bundles of linen, were thrown from the top of the house on to the pavement. Women were wringing their hands in despair, and children crying. Just as the fire gained the granary, the fire-engines arrived. It is almost impossible to give an idea of the rage with which the water attacked its enemy. Scarcely had the pipes passed over the wall than a hissing sound was heard; and the flame, on which a stream of molten steel seemed pouring, roared, became erect, leaped frightfully, opened horrible mouths, and, with its innumerable tongues, licked at once all the doors and windows of the burning edifice. The vapour mingled with the smoke, volumes of which were dispersed with every breath of wind, and lost themselves, twisting and wreathing, in the darkness of the night, whilst the hissing of the water responded to the roaring of the fire. There is nothing more terrible and more grand than the awful and eternal combat of the *hydre* and *dragon*.

The strength of the water forced up in columns by the engines was extraordinary; the slates and bricks on which it alighted broke and were scattered by its force. When the timber-works gave way the sight was grand. Amidst noise and smoke,

myriads of sparks issued from the flames. For a few minutes a chimney-stack stood alone upon the house, like a kind of stone tower, but no sooner was the pipe pointed towards it than it fell heavily into the gulf. The Rhine, the villages, the mountains, the ruins,—all the spectres of the country, were observable amidst the smoke and flames and storm. It was truly a frightful sight, yet it had something of sublimity in it.

If looked at in detail, nothing was more singular than to see at intervals, amongst smoke and flame, heads of men appearing everywhere. These men were directing the water-pipes on the flames, which jumped, advanced, and receded. The windows of the chambers which were inaccessible were, at the caprice of the winds, sometimes filled with fire and smoke, then representing dark cavities. Large blocks of wood-work were detached from the roof, and hung dangling by a nail, while others fell amidst noise and sparks. In the interior of the apartments, the decorated paper of the walls appeared and disappeared with every blast of wind. There was upon the wall of the third floor a picture of Louis XV., surrounded with shepherds and shepherdesses. I watched this landscape with particular interest. For some time it withstood the fire; but at last one body of flame entered the room, stretched forth one of its tongues, and seized the landscape: the females embraced the males; Tircis coaxed Glycère; then all disappeared in smoke.

A short distance from the *auberge* was a group of half-naked English, with countenances pale, and looks expressive of bewilderment. They were standing by the goods which had been providentially saved. At their left was an assemblage of all the children of the place, who laughed on seeing a block of wood precipitated into the burning element, and clapped their hands every time the water-works happened to play amongst them. Such was the fire of the Hotel P—, at Lorch.

A house on fire is at best a house burning; but what is still more melancholy, a man lost his life at it, while in the act of doing good to others.

About four o'clock in the morning, the people became what is generally termed *masters of the fire*, and succeeded in confining the flames to the Hotel P., thus saving ours. A host of servants, brushing, scraping, rubbing, and sponging, attacked the rooms, and in less than an hour, our inn was washed from top to bottom. One thing is singular; nothing was stolen! All those goods, removed in haste under the rain, in the middle of night, were scrupulously carried back by the poor peasants of Lorch.

Next morning, I was surprised to see,

on the ground-floor of the inn that was burnt, two or three rooms perfectly entire, which did not seem to be the least disordered by the fire that had raged above them. *Apropos* to this fact, the following story passes current in this country; however, I do not credit it:—

A few years ago, an Englishman arrived somewhat late at an inn at Braubach, supped, and went to bed. In the middle of the night, the *auberge* took fire. The servants entered the apartment of the Englishman, and, finding him asleep, awoke him, and told him what had happened, and that he must make all speed out of the house.

"To the d—l with you!" said the Englishman, not at all pleased with his nocturnal visitants. "You awake me for this? Leave me alone—I am fatigued, and will not get up! You seem to be a parcel of fools, to imagine that I am going to run through the fields in my shirt at such an hour as this! Nine hours is the amount of time which I allow for rest. Put out the fire the best way you can—I will not hinder you! As for me, I am very well in bed, where I intend remaining. Good night. I will see you to-morrow."

No sooner had he said so than he turned his back upon the servants, and fell fast asleep. What was to be done? The fire gained ground; and the inmates, to save themselves, fled, after shutting the door upon the Englishman, who was soundly sleeping, and snoring tremendously. The fire was terrible, but at last was with great difficulty extinguished. Next morning, the men who were clearing the rubbish came to the chamber of the Englishman, opened the door, and found the traveller half awake, and rubbing his eyes in bed, who yawningly cried out, on perceiving them—

"Can you tell me if there is such a thing as a boot-hook in this house?"

He rose, breakfasted heartily, and appeared quite refreshed—a circumstance greatly to the displeasure of the garçons of the place, who had made up their minds to make what is called in the valley of the Rhine a *bourgmestre sec* with the mummy of the Englishman—that is, a smoked corpse, which they shew to strangers for a few liards.

LETTER XX.

FROM LORCH TO BINGEN.

LORCH is about four French leagues from Bingen. You are well aware of my taste. Whenever an opportunity is afforded, I never neglect converting my excursion into a promenade.

Nothing to my taste is more pleasing than travelling on foot. We are free, and joyous. No breaking down of wheels, no

contingencies attendant on carriages. We set out, stop when it suits us; breakfast at a farm or under a tree; walk on, and dream while walking; for travelling cradles reverie, and reverie veils fatigue. The beauty of the country hides the length of the road. We are not travelling, we wander; then we stop under the shade of a tree, by the side of a little rivulet, whose rippling waters harmonize with the songs of the birds that load the branches over our heads. I saw with compassion a diligence pass before me, enveloped in dust, and containing tired, screwed up, and fatigued passengers. Strange that those poor creatures, who are often persons of mind, should willingly consent to be shut up in a place where the harmony of the country sounds only in noise, the sun appears to them in suffocation, and the road in whirlwinds of dust. They are not aware of the flowers that are found in thickets, of the pearls that are picked up amongst pebbles, of the hours that the fertile imagination discovers in landscapes!—*musa pedestris*. Everything comes to the foot passenger. Adventures are ever passing before his eyes.

I remember being, some seven or eight years ago, at Claye, which is a few leagues from Paris. I will transcribe the lines which I found in my note-book, for they are connected with the story that I am going to relate.

"A canal for a ground-floor, a cemetery for a first, and a few houses for a second—such is Claye. The cemetery forms a terrace over the canal; thus affording the manes of the peasants of Claye a probable chance of being serenaded by the mail packet which runs from Paris to Meaux. In this place the dead are not interred; they are —"

I was returning to Paris on foot, and had set out early; the trees of the forest of Bondy tempted me to go by a road which had a sharp turning, where I seated myself—my back against an oak, my feet hanging over a ditch—and began to write upon my green book the note which you have just read. As I was finishing the fourth line, I lifted my eyes, and perceived on the other side, and not many yards from where I was, a bear, with its eyes fixed upon me. In broad daylight we have no nightmares, nor can we be dupes enough to take the stump of a tree for something supernatural. At night, things may change in appearance; but at noon, with a May sun over our heads, we have no such hallucinations. It was actually a bear—a living bear—a hideous-looking animal, which was seated on its hind legs, with its two fore-paws crossed over its belly. One of its ears was torn, as also was its under lip; it had only one eye, with which it looked at me attentively. There was no woodman at hand—all around

me was silent and deserted. I must say that I felt a strange sensation. Sometimes, in cases with a dog, we manage to get over it by shouting out "Fox," "Solomon," or "Azor," but what could we say to a bear? From whence did it come? why such a creature in the forest of Bondy, upon the highway from Paris to Claye? It was strange, unreasonable, and anything but pleasing. I moved not; I must also say that the bear did not move, a circumstance which appeared to me somewhat lucky. It looked at me as tenderly as a bear could well do with one eye; it opened its mouth, not in ferocity, but yawningly. This bear had something of peace, of resignation, and of drowsiness, and I found a likeness in its physiognomy to those old stagers that listen to tragedies. In fact, its countenance pleased me so much that I resolved on putting as good a face upon the matter as I could. I therefore accepted it for a spectator, and continued what I had begun. I then wrote the fifth line in my book; which line is at a considerable distance from the fourth, for, on beginning it, I had my eyes fixed upon the eye of the bear.

Whilst I was writing, a large fly lighted on the bleeding ear of my spectator. It lifted slowly its right paw, and passed it over its ear, as a cat might do. The fly took to its wings; the bear looked after it; then he seized his hind legs with his fore paws; and, as if satisfied with that classic attitude, began again to eye me. I admit that I watched his movements with no slight degree of interest.

Just as I was about to begin the sixth line, I heard a sound of feet on the high road, and suddenly I perceived another bear, a huge, black animal, which had no sooner fixed its eyes upon the former, than it ran up to it, and rolled graciously at its feet. The first was a she-bear, and did not deign to look upon the black one, and fortunately the black one paid no attention to me.

I confess that at this new apparition, which was somewhat perplexing, my hand trembled. I was then writing "*Claye, a probable chance of being serenaded.*" In my manuscript, I see there is a great space between the words "*probable chance*" and "*of being serenaded.*" That space signifies—a "second bear!"

Two bears! What did all this mean? Judging from whence the black one made its appearance, it was natural to imagine that it had come from Paris; a city little abounding with *bêtes*, at least of such savage natures.

I remained petrified—bewildered—with my eyes fixed upon the hideous animals, which began to roll lovingly in the dust. I rose, and was making up my mind whether I should pick up my cane, which had fallen

into the ditch, when another appeared, less in size, more deformed, and bleeding like the first; then came a fourth, a fifth, and sixth. The last four walked along the road like soldiers on the march. This was truly inexplicable. A moment afterwards, I heard the shouting of men, mingling with the barking of dogs; then beheld ten or twelve bulldogs, and seven or eight men; the latter were armed with large sticks, tipped with iron, and were carrying muzzles in their hands. One of them stopped, and whilst the others collected the animals and muzzled them, he explained to me this strange enigma. The master of the *Circus of the Barrière du Combat*, profiting by the Easter devotions, was sending his bears and dogs to Meaux, where he intended giving a few exhibitions. All these animals travelled on foot, and had been unmuzzled at the last stage, to afford them an opportunity of eating by the roadside. Whilst the keepers were comfortably seated in a neighbouring *cabaret*; the bears, finding themselves alone, joyous of liberty—stole a march upon their masters.

Such was one of the adventures of my pedestrian excursions—the *rencontre* of "actors" on a half holiday.

Dante, in the commencement of his poem states, that he met, one day, a panther in a wood; after which, a lion; then a wolf. If we give credit to tradition, the seven wise men of Greece had similar adventures. Thales, of Milet, was, for a long time, followed by a *griffon*; Bias de Priene walked side by side with a lynx; Solon, of Athens, bravely confronted a mad bull; Cleobulus, of Rhodes, met a lion; and Chilo, of Macedonia, a lioness. All these marvellous facts, if properly examined, might be found to have some connexion with the "holiday" of a menagerie. If I had related my story of the bears in a manner more redounding to my valour, perhaps in a few hundred years I should have passed for a second Orpheus. *Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres*. You perceive, my friend, that poor "acting" bears, give rise to many prodigies. Without offence to the ancient poets or Greek philosophers, I must confess that, to me, a strophe would be but a feeble weapon against a leopard, or the power of a syllogism against a hyena. Man has found the secret of degrading the lion and the tiger—of adding stupidity to ferocity. Perhaps it is well; for, had it not been so, I should have been eaten; and the seven wise men of Greece would have shared the same fate.

(To be continued.)

Confidence.—Trust him with little who, without proofs, trusts you with everything, or, when he has proved you, with nothing.
—Lavater.

Miscellaneous.

THE GALLANTRY OF MISER SCARVE.

"WELL, Mr. Scarve," said Lady Brabazon, "I am come to know whether I can have the four thousand pounds to-night."

"Impossible, your ladyship, impossible!" replied the miser. "If you will pay me twice the interest agreed upon, it cannot be. I have suffered a very heavy loss to-day—a very heavy loss indeed."

"Poh—poh! that is always the way with you usurers," replied Lady Brabazon. "You are always suffering some heavy loss. But you don't expect me to believe you. You take a great deal too good care of your money to lose it. I must have a thousand pounds for a special purpose to-night. And if you won't let me have the four thousand, I must have the smaller amount, and on the security of these jewels." And she produced a case of diamonds. "You see," she added, displaying them, "they are worth nearly double the amount."

"They are very brilliant," he replied, gazing at them with the eye of a connoisseur. "But I cannot lend your ladyship the money."

"Mr. Scarve," said Lady Brabazon, "I have a debt to pay to-night, and if I do not discharge it, my character will be entirely lost."

"Your ladyship's character as a punctual paymaster will scarcely suffer by the delay of a night," said Scarve, drily.

"But this is a debt of honour!" said Lady Brabazon. "I will redeem my jewels in less than a week."

"Oh, if it is a debt of honour, that is quite another thing," said the miser. "These are certainly a magnificent set of diamonds. Your ladyship must look vastly well in them. Will you favour me by putting them on?"

"Certainly, Mr. Scarve, if you desire it," replied Lady Brabazon, condescendingly.

"I don't know which to admire most, your ladyship or the diamonds," said the miser, gallantly.

"The old fool has fallen in love with me," thought Lady Brabazon; "I must improve the advantage I have gained. You are very complaisant, Mr. Scarve," she added aloud, and with one of her bewitching smiles—a smile which, in her younger days, had never failed of execution.

"It would be strange if I were not, so fascinating a person as your ladyship," replied the miser, with a strange leer, that sat very ill on his withered features.

Lady Brabazon cast down her eyes.

"I almost forget what brought me hither," she observed, after a slight pause,

during which she hoped the miser would follow up his gallant commencement.

"A proof it cannot be of great importance," said Scarve; "but your ladyship has asked me a favour, and I will ask one in return. I have been disappointed in my dearest expectations of late. My daughter will not marry according to my wishes. What should I do? I am too old to marry again."

"Scarcely," replied her ladyship, trying to force a blush, but decidedly failing in the attempt.

"I will put a case," continued the miser, "merely for consideration. Suppose I were to offer myself to a person of your ladyship's rank—and in your ladyship's position—what sort of reception should I be likely to meet with?"

"That, I should say, would depend entirely upon the settlement you proposed to make, Mr. Scarve," replied Lady Brabazon. "You are reported to be immensely rich. You have some misunderstanding with your daughter, you say, which I can readily conceive—daughters are so very unmanageable—there is my Clementina, for instance, the sweetest temper in the world, but she gives me an infinity of trouble. But, as I was saying, you are immensely rich—money is no object to you; if, therefore, you were to settle upon a lady in my position somewhere about a hundred thousand pounds—but not less—I think—mind, I only think—for I offer a very hasty and ill-considered opinion—I think, however, she might be induced to accept you."

"Rather a large sum to pay for a wife at my time of life, your ladyship," observed the miser, drily.

"Not a fraction more than would be required, believe me, my good sir," replied Lady Brabazon.

"Then I must abandon any views I may have entertained of an exalted alliance," sighed the miser. "But suppose we take another view of the case. Perhaps for a hundredth part of the sum, there would be no necessity for marriage at all."

"That is a view of the case which I cannot for a moment contemplate, Mr. Scarve," said her ladyship, with a glance of indignation. "Allow me to remind you that I came here on business."

"True," replied the miser, in some confusion; "these diamonds are certainly very brilliant. Your ladyship shall have the sum you require upon them. And we will talk about the other matters at some future time."—*Ainsworth's Magazine.*

Ghyll, in the dialect of Cumberland and Westmoreland, is a short, and, for the most part, a steep, narrow valley, with a stream running through it. *Force* is the word universally employed in these dialects for Waterfall.

MR. LEVY AT PRAYERS.

MANY strange sights have I been privileged to see. Reader, behold the strangest!

In one corner of a crowded room stood Mr. Levy in dishabille. Levy! thou art gone, and numbered with thy fathers. Posterity can never do thee justice. Thy *manes* never may be appeased. Pardon me, thou noble piece of earth, that my pen limps and falters in thy delineation. Oh! for a quill of photographic power, to fix thee in thy evanescent passage, to rescue from the greedy throat of Time that form and face, that hair, that eye, that goodly but unclean array! Levy in dishabille! More I cannot say. In the lowest depth it was the deeper still—the dirty Levy, dirtier yet—the spicy spiced! Before him was a Hebrew book; upon his forehead, exactly between his eyes, a small square piece of leather-covered wood (so it appeared to me), kept in its position by a leathern thong, which running through a loop was carried round the head and tied behind. His left arm was exposed. Around it some dozen times was strapped another thong, similar to that about his head. His coat was off; his vest unbuttoned; over the once white shirt he wore a curious coloured garment, formed of two square pieces of blue cloth, one hanging down before his breast, the other to his back, and both attached by means of two long slips of tape connecting them. At the extremity of the four corners were long fringes of white worsted, fastened in small knots. The fringes in the front were in Mr. Levy's grasp when I walked in, and started with amazement at the novel spectacle. Let me stand stricken with surprise whilst the reader looks around him. There, by the hearth, over that pan of hissing oil, fork in hand, stands the ill-favoured lady that you wot of—she of the pitted face, no meaner person than the mistress of the house, Levy's wedded partner. Her cheek is scorched before the crackling fire, but her gown, tucked up and pinned, is safe from conflagration. See how she darts upon the thrice-divided sole, and with artistic stroke turns now the head and now the tail, and now the middle piece, dogging the boiling oil, and escaping with a bob so cleverly the scalding sputter. And there for twenty years hath stood, as regularly as Friday came, this indefatigable cook frying her fish, not to be devoured savoury and warm, as fish upon the sixth day falls into the pious stomach of the Romanist, but to be laid out with ceremonial care, in pride of parsley, and safely locked away till Sabbath morn—when, cold, and crisp, and unctuous, it comes forth to grease and mollify the Levite's heart, and haply entertain him with a fit of biliousness. Miss Esther Levy at the table sits, herself unwashed,

washing her brother with a disinterestedness that the young urchin, cuffing and kicking, scarce appreciates. Rebecca, second born, is busy with a book, no doubt a pleasant one. You cannot see her face, but her head, a mass of spiral papers, rolls with impatience at the little Levy's struggling cries. There, in a bed, lie two, the youngest of the group, emerging out of childhood—prattling innocents! Their time for cleansing has not yet arrived. How prettily do they beguile the time with that small pack of cards, playing at *all-fours* and *marriage*, three games for a halfpenny, lipping at intervals a wee incipient execration as fortune changes, or as juggling fails. But, last of all, behold the father's pride, Levy's son and heir, his better self—his youthful Prince of Wales—on whom the parent's mantle must descend, in whom the father's brightest hopes are fixed. His body is twelve years old, his head a hundred. There is more knowledge of the human creature—of the impure, gross part, that lies hidden in the soul's corrupted sink—written and engraved in that precocious, cunning cheek, than twenty ordinary men can boast. His father's *pride*? oh! rather say his *fear*; for never did nature mould in human flesh a countenance so portentous! Mark him as he sits apart from all his brethren, counting the clay marbles which he himself has made—brushing the metal buttons that he has raked up everywhere, and every one of which he means to sell anon amongst the little boys in school, to which he is daily sent, with great advantage to himself, and greater credit to his master. My sudden entrance caused a slight intermission in the various doings of this interesting family; but the beneficent head addressed me without delay, and the waters flowed again in their accustomed channels.

"Vel, Hannah, who'd a thought it, eh? This is a honour. But I always said he'd come at last. Sit down, my dear—I shall be done directly. Here's a surprise!" And taking the book into his hand, he mumbled out some Hebrew words, then rubbed the fringes round his face, and finished by kissing them with fervour. I was embarrassed at the unaccountable behaviour.

"Perhaps I am disturbing you," I said; "I'll call some other time, sir."

"Not at all," was his reply; "you don't disturb me in the least. I knows it all by heart. I'm only saying my prayers."

"Indeed, sir."

"Yes, dat's all. How's Mr. Temples?—have you seen him lately?"

Before I answered, he was deep in the Hebrew book again. Now he counted quickly the straps upon his arm, and repeated a dozen cabalistic words or so with a loud and rapid voice. The little gamblers,

in the meantime, quarrelled at their game, and sadly interfered with the sacred occupation: a *Christian's* patience couldn't have held out for ever.

"Vill you two be quiet there," the father cried at last, "or shall I come and make you? Hannah, vy the devil don't you take them cards away?"

"Vot's the good?" answered Mrs. Levy from the fire; "you know as well as I do, Sol, you'll give 'em back the minute after."

"Vill I?" said the husband, leaving his manual without further ceremony. "Then you'll see, my dear." Forthwith he rushed to the bedside, and snatched the cards from both the trembling children; then he bestowed a blow upon the heads of each—which, as might be expected, set them roaring. Unaffected by their cries, the pious man returned to his devotions, and proceeded as before. His compliance with the law was evidently irksome. In a few minutes he stopped again.

"How long is it, Mr. Shtukely, since ve travelled in the stage-coach together?"

"About eighteen months, sir."

"Ah!" sighed the old gentleman, "how fast the vurld goes!"—which serious observation no doubt recalled him to his duty—for he seized the book again, and lost himself for a few minutes longer. But the morning was inauspicious. He was doomed to interruption. Miss Esther, be it known, was worn out at length by the unpolished sample of Mosaic that she was brightening up. Like the living block from which he was cut off, he was the slave of hydrophobia—he would not be washed.

"Father," said Esther, in a tone of real despair, "I wish you'd speak to Aby. I can't do nothink with him. He has fit me till I'm sick."

"You, sir," bawled out the harassed parent, "do you vant a licking the first thing this morning?"

"No," answered the boy, in as irreverent a voice as ever filial throat cast up.

"Then don't vex me, my boy, or you'll catch it at once."

And he did "*catch it at once*." I was still looking intently upon Mr. Levy's curious trappings, when a loud blow, followed by a louder scream, compelled my attention elsewhere.

"Vot's the matter, now?" shouted Mr. Levy, almost beside himself.

"That sarves you right!" exclaimed his good lady, addressing the juvenile above referred to, now lying at her feet, and kicking furiously. "I caught you, did I? My back isn't turned a minute before the villain has picked off every bit of brown in the dish. You wot mauled the fish, my dear, again in a hurry."

All the family seemed horror-struck at the unholy pilfering, but Mr Levy himself

was choked with just rage. "If you don't take away the rascal's share to-morrow morning, Hannah, you and I shall quarrel. Dat boy, Mr. Shtukely," continued he, still neglecting his orisons, "dat boy, sir, vill come to the gallows, if his mother and I don't live to see it. He has got a naternal idea of shteating that breaks my heart to think of. He's booked for Newgate, though I say it:"—and Mr. Levy, with a heavy sigh, pursued his prayers, and did not speak again on wordly topics till he brought them to a close. Once more in ecstasy, he wiped his visage with the fringes, and kissed them passionately; and last of all, he turned his face towards the wall, bowed to it with reverence repeatedly, and beat his breast with force and sound that would have pleased a stethoscopist's ear.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

H. DE BALZAC.

HONORE DE BALZAC, descendant of an ancient and noble family, was born at Tours, in the year 1799, amidst the most anarchical state of things that Europe had ever known. After his college studies, he came to Paris, in 1820, with the hope of earning a livelihood by his pen. Radiant with the illusions of youth—buoyant with the confidence of inexperience, he entered that vast "ocean-stream" of Parisian life, there to have his illusions shattered by grim realities, there to have his confidence sickened to despair. It was a hard—a bitter struggle. For nine years he continued writing under various signatures, principally that of Horace St. Aubin,—and although contriving to gain a subsistence, yet never making any "sensation" in the world, but continuing to be one of the mere "mob of gentlemen who write with ease." He became either partner in or proprietor of a small printing office, about 1830, but failing in this, he returned to literature, and shortly afterwards "woke and found himself famous," as Byron said of himself.

Whatever may have been the influential causes, certain it is that no writer has attained so extensive a popularity since 1830, and that no better type of French literature, in its least admirable phases, can be selected than Honoré de Balzac. We do not thereby intimate that he is an inferior writer; on the contrary, though open to much objection, and some reprobation, we yield to none in recognition of his great and peculiar talents; and there are some of his works which we regard as masterpieces in their way; but we mean that he represents the exaggerated, fantastic, absurd, and immoral tendencies which run through a certain portion of their literature, and that he is of all Frenchman the most Parisian.

His affectations bring down much enmity

upon him—his coxcombry much contempt. He carries a walking cane that cost forty pounds, and is said to have spent all the large sums he has received in *furniture*! and his love of finery and the fantastic has been his ruin. Nay, it is asserted that he went to the enormous expense of having new moulds made exclusively for his furniture—chairs and ottomans of peculiar construction, and that he had those moulds instantly broken, that no one else should possess them. We by no means stand by the truth of this assertion. We believe it to be most probably only one of the thousand and one scandals circulated about him—but we must also observe that, if untrue in itself, it indicates, even in its exaggeration, some evidence of his singular affectation. Madame Delphine Gay could not have written her "*Canne de M. de Balzac*," had Balzac been a man free from all such puerile affectation. The want of truth would have turned the edge of satire.

In looking into his writings also, we discover abundant traces of this unmanly love of finery and frippery. His descriptions of dress, both male and female, are tediously minute. The care and elaboration displayed in his pictures of "interiors," with all the mysteries and coquetries of the arrangement of furniture—these, by the very importance attached to them, betray his inclinations.

To quit all such considerations, however, and to examine only his qualities as a writer, let us first begin with his style. The importance of style in France is a matter deserving our attentive consideration, because in England it is fast becoming a rarity to see any attempt at creating a style, or any appreciation of it by the public, when attempted. The importance attached to it by the French is often sneered at as pedantry—it is so; but it is a wholesome pedantry—a leaning to excess on the right side. If they are sensitively alive to "*tours de style*" to mere artifices, and severely condemn any common, vulgar, or unidiomatic expression, in spite of its energy,—we cannot help regarding it as a leaning to the right side. It shows a proper reverence for the *craft* of writing. It shews that authorship is not mere *gabble*, and fluent, careless talk. Only look at the present state of English literature, and observe the deleterious effect of this want of proper pedantry! So many hundreds of uneducated men are now swarming in upon the press, importing their vulgarisms, Gallicisms, Germanisms, or mere slang, which, by perpetual iteration, at last come to infect the writings even of the scholarly and careful—so much ungrammatical, unidiomatic language is now to be read, even in quarters whence one would least suspect it, that we almost despair of ever again seeing

one writer draw from the "pure well of English undefiled."

Balzac's style is detestable. It is crabbed, prolix, pedantic, tortuous, and unmelodious. He gathers together the technical terms of all sciences, and uses them in the most arbitrary, often ignorant, manner. As a specimen of his *naïve* ignorance—of his excessive unconsciousness of his being wrong in the employment of a technical word, we may cite his making one of his heroines sing a *symphony* of Beethoven! It is imperative on a foreigner making charges against a native in the employment of his language, that he substantiate them. We will do so. We will quote three passages from one work—his favourite work, *Le Lis dans la Vallée*, and beg the reader's attention to them.

1. Describing his first meeting with his lady love, "aussitôt je sentis une céleste odeur de myrrhes, et d'alôès, un *parfum de femme* qui brilla dans mon cœur," &c. A perfume that sparkles in the heart is a scent of very peculiar properties!

2. He describes the effect of a flower thus:—"Ses inépuisables exhalations remueront au fond de votre cœur les roses en bouton que la pudeur y écrase." This is no doubt immensely imaginative—the rosebuds of the heart trampled on by modesty! In how many circulating library copies has this passage been marked by the sentimental, we cannot venture to guess.

3. This specimen is glorious. It may be taken equally as a type of his ambitious and ornate style of expression, or as a type of his sickly sentimentality whenever he attempts to be poetical:—"Deux grosses larmes éclairées par un rayon de lune sortirent de ses yeux, roulèrent sur ses joues, en atteignirent le bas, mais je tendis la main assez à temps pour les recevoir et les bus avec une avidité pieuse qu'excitèrent ces paroles déjà signées par dix ans de larmes secrètes, de sensibilité dispensée, de soins constans!" This passage is perfect. Had we been writing a burlesque on the sentimental, we should have plagiarized it *verbatim*. Every word is a gem. That beautiful touch of tender sentiment and delicate reverence, of his hastily catching her falling tears in his hand, and drinking them up with "pious avidity," is not, however, original. Henry Heine, in his *Buch der Leiden*, has the very same—

"Ich hab' von deiner weissen Hand,
Die Thränen fortgetrunken;"

and a very pleasant beverage he found it, doubtless!

But does not the reader see that, detestable as this style unquestionably is, it must even therefore delight a large portion of the class he addresses—the frivolous and superficial? Are not these three specimens such

as would strike many a mere novel reader as exquisite? Assuredly: and let the purists or the literati rail as much as they please, the "dear delightful Balzac" will not lose his popularity. Happy Balzac! O unhappy Paris!

The truth is, Balzac has not a spark of poetry in him. When we have said this, we have potentially given his description. No poetry, no love of the beautiful, no divine instinct truer than logic—nothing but his own intellect and its conclusions to guide him—and that intellect not of the soundest!

It is thus that his only power of description is by details. With wonderful acuteness and finesse of observation, yet he is obliged to work by merest details. If he places you in a street, he gives you no vivid description of it in a few graphic strokes, but with painful minuteness brings everything, even to the steps and gable ends, before your eye. The same with a house—he must tell you of every room in it, and of every piece of furniture in that room. The result is, that the multiplicity of details distract instead of enlightening.

His minuteness of detail, and corresponding minuteness of observation, is never more distressing to us than when employed on the frippery of the *salons* and their society. It is indeed noteworthy how De Balzac gloats over all the *délices*, all the voluptuous refinement, the dazzling fascination, the inebriating elegance—of what? —Why, of French millinery, frippery, and furniture, or the conventional elegance of manners! If there is one thing more intensely prosaic than another, it is the so-called poetry of the drawing-room; and Balzac pushes it to its extreme.

But this minuteness of observation is often full of effect. It leads him sometimes up to wit, always to characteristic touches. His description of the coquetry in *La femme comme il faut*—"If she have a pretty foot, she will throw herself on the ottoman, and her foot will peep out with the coquetry of a cat in the sun," is an instance of both.

We must also notice the extreme care and elaboration he bestows on the conduct of his plots. This is a great merit. He prepares the way for every incident, and links the succeeding one to it so perfectly, that the whole story is so solid and compact, as to defy analysis.

Nothing can more accurately define the nature of Balzac's genius than his method of portraying character. His best specimens in this line—Claes, Eugénie Grandet, Grandet, Père Goriot, the Chevalier, &c., will be found, on deeper inspection, to be a description of the *outward case*, rather than the *inward spirit*. He does not penetrate beneath the mask, and familiarizing himself with the moral and intellectual nature, reproduce it in a few distinct touches—but

describes character by a minute enumeration of its *effects*, as seen in the dress, language, habits, &c. He gives a vivid picture of the outward man. The inward man is untouched.

This is the common method—it is also the easy method. Fielding does not so describe Blifil, or Parson Adams. George Sand does not so describe André, Simon, Raymon, Horace, Benedict, &c. But it is the method employed by most novelists, Scott included.—*The Monthly Magazine*.

* REPLY TO CERTAIN OBSERVATIONS ADDRESSED BY DR. LHOTSKY TO THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON,

AT ONE OF THEIR SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS, ON THE MANAGEMENT OF THEIR MENAGERIE.

(To the Editor of the *Polytechnic Journal*.)

SIR,—As I find you have given publicity in your last number to Dr. Lhotsky's paper on animal health, cleanliness, and tuition, allow me, as a fellow of the Zoological Society, to contradict the very improper statements it contains relative to the conduct and management of our menagerie—*improper* because *untrue*. I perfectly agree with you in estimating the originality and great practical utility of Dr. Lhotsky's views; but when I consider that they were accompanied with the following observations, delivered, moreover, on the 10th of August last, before Vice-President Yarrell, with the most unblushing effrontery, I think they ought not to remain unnoticed. The statements to which I allude are these:—First, that the white camel is so inadequately fed that it has been seen to devour its own excrements. Secondly, that the antelopes are kept in the most filthy state. Thirdly, that the bears and monkeys are thoroughly infested with vermin; that twenty of the latter die every year from living in a house built of mere deals, besides losing many more from not being supplied with clean and fresh water. And, fourthly, that the orang-outang, which died a short time since, "was cruelly and infamously murdered;" and of which Dr. Lhotsky goes on to state, "if any nurse or tutor should have studied hard to kill a child by nervous spasms and hysterics, he could not have done better than the attendant of that poor creature did. He or she had been accustomed to cover itself with a blanket, either for the sake of warmth or fancy; by

continually taking this blanket away, and perhaps other means unknown to me, that human beast (the attendant) had succeeded in working the poor individual up to such a pitch of rage and excitement, that it madly threw itself on the straw in fits, and soon after died. With the exception, in fact, of the torturing of negroes in the Brazils, I never saw a scene so revolting as this." Now, sir, it hardly becomes me, as one of so large and respectable a body as the Zoological Society, to descend to the repudiation of these charges, because the care and attention which is paid to cleanliness and convenience in every part of our menagerie is known to be carried to such an excess, as scarcely to escape ridicule; the chimpanzees and oranges in particular have been, and are still, fostered with the most consummate care; and the monkey-house is universally admitted to be a most elaborate specimen of den architecture. The observations which are directed by Dr. Lhotsky on the cleanliness of animals are certainly full of sagacity and interest: they may, indeed, furnish us with many useful hints. I think, however, that our committee of management will have as much difficulty in getting the fierce carnivora washed and combed every morning, as in getting the monkeys periodically refreshed with a decoction of tobacco-leaves, even were they to adopt the learned doctor's still further recommendation of the temporary use of strait waistcoats to the tigers and hyænas.

I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

LOVELL REEVE.

8, King William Street, Strand,
April 2nd, 1842.

A FORTUNATE DISPLAY OF COURAGE.

WHILE Murat was in Madrid, he was anxious to communicate with Junot, in Portugal; but all the roads to Lisbon swarmed with Guerillas, and with the troops composing Castanos' army. Murat mentioned his embarrassment to Baron Scrogonoff, the Russian ambassador to Spain. Russia, it is well known was, at that time, not only the ally, but the friend of France. M. de Scrogonoff told Murat that it was the easiest thing in the world. The Russian Admiral, Sincairn, said he, is in the port of Lisbon; give me the most intelligent of your Polish lancers: I will dress him up in a Russian uniform, and entrust him with despatches for the admiral. You will give him your instructions verbally, and all will go well, even if he should be taken prisoner a dozen times between here and Lisbon; for the insurgent army is so anxious to obtain our neutrality, that it will be careful not to furnish a pretext for a rupture. Murat was delighted with this

* Pretty large extracts were inserted in Nos. 17 and 18 from Dr. Lhotsky's paper in the *Polytechnic Journal* of April last, entitled "On Animal Tuition and Animal Hygiene," which contained some disparaging remarks for alleged neglect in the management of the menagerie in Regent's Park; and at the conclusion of the article it was stated by the Editor of the above *Journal* that Dr. Lhotsky's views had met with *entire* approval at the meetings of the Zoological Society. It is but fair that the above reply should also be inserted.—ED.

ingenious schema. He asked Shasinski, the commandant of the lancers, to find him a brave and intelligent young man of his corps, for whom he pledged his life; his name was Leckinski, and he was but eighteen years old. Murat was moved at seeing so young a man court so imminent a danger; for if he were detected, his doom was sealed. Murat could not help remarking to the Pole the risk he was about to run.

The youth smiled. "Let your imperial highness give me my instructions, answered he, respectfully; and I will give a good account of the mission I have been honoured with. I thank his highness for having chosen me from among my comrades; for all of them would have courted this distinction." The prince augured favourably from the young man's modest resolution. The Russian ambassador gave him his despatches; he put on a Russian uniform, and set out for Portugal.

The first two days passed over quietly; but, on the afternoon of the third, Leckinski was surrounded by a body of Spaniards, who disarmed him, and dragged him before their commanding officer. Luckily for the gallant youth, it was Castanos himself.

Leckinski was aware that he was lost if he were discovered to be a Frenchman; consequently, he determined, on the instant, not to let a single word of French escape him; and to speak nothing but Russian or German, which he spoke with equal fluency. The cries of rage of his captors, announced the fate that awaited him; and the horrible murder of General Rêne, who perished in the most dreadful tortures but a few weeks before, as he was going to join Junot, was sufficient to freeze the very blood.

"Who are you?" said Castanos, in French; which language he spoke perfectly well, having been educated in France.

Leckinski looked at the questioner, made a sign, and answered in German—"I do not understand you."

Castanos spoke German; but he did not wish to appear personally in the matter; and summoned one of the officers of his staff, who went on with the examination. The young Pole answered in Russian or German; but never let a single syllable of French escape him. He might, however, easily have forgotten himself, surrounded as he was by a crowd eager for his blood; and who waited with savage impatience to have him declared guilty—that is, a Frenchman, to fall upon him and murder him.

But their fury was raised to a height the general himself could not control; by an incident which seemed to cut off the unhappy prisoner from every hope of escape. One of Castanos' aide-de-camps, one of the fanatically patriotic, who were so numerous in this war, and who from the first had denounced Leckinski as a French spy, burst

into the room, dragging with him a man wearing the brown jacket, tall hat, and red plume, of the Spanish peasant; the officer confronted him with the Pole, and said—

"Look at this man; and then say if it is true that he is a German or a Russian. He is a spy, I swear by my soul."

The peasant, meanwhile, was eyeing the prisoner closely. Presently, his dark eye lighted up with the fire of hatred.

"Es Frances, he is a Frenchman!" exclaimed he, clapping his hands. And he stated that, having been to Madrid a few weeks before, he had been put in requisition to carry forage to the French barracks; and, said he, I recollect this is the man who took my load of forage, and gave me a receipt. I was near him an hour, and I recollect him. When we caught him, I told my comrade this is the French officer I delivered my forage too?"

This was correct. Castanos probably discerned the true state of the case. But he was a generous foe. He proposed to let him pursue his journey, for Leckinski still insisted he was a Russian; and could not be made to understand a word of French. But the moment he ventured a hint of the kind, a thousand threatening voices were raised against him; and he saw that clemency was impossible.

"But," said he; "will you then risk a quarrel with Russia, whose neutrality we are so anxiously asking for?"

"No," said the officer; "but let us try this man."

Leckinski understood all; for he was acquainted with Spanish. He was removed, and thrown into a room worthy to have been one of the dungeons of the Inquisition in its most flourishing days.

When the Spaniards took him prisoner, he had eaten nothing since the previous evening; and when his dungeon door was closed on him, he had fasted eighteen hours; no wonder, then, what with exhaustion, fatigue, anxiety, and the agony of his dreadful situation, that the unhappy prisoner fell almost senseless on his hard couch. Night soon closed in, and left him to realize in its gloom the full horror of his hopeless situation. He was brave, of course—but to die at eighteen! But youth and fatigue finally yielded to the approach of sleep; and he was soon buried in profound slumber.

He had slept perhaps two hours, when the door of his dungeon opened slowly, and some one entered with cautious steps, hiding with her hand the light of a lamp. The visitor bent over the prisoner's couch, and touching him on the shoulder, in a sweet and silvery voice, asked him, "Do you want to eat?"

The young Pole, awakened suddenly by the glare of the lamp, by the touch and words of the female, rose up on his couch;

and, with eyes only half opened, said, in German, "What do you want?"

"Give the man something to eat at once," said Castanos, when he heard the result of the first experiment; "and let him go. He is not a Frenchman. How could he have been so far master of himself?—the thing is impossible!"

The Gatherer.

Effectual Preventive.—There exists in some parts of Germany a law to prevent drinking during divine service. It runs thus:—"Any person drinking in an ale house during divine service on Sunday, or other holyday, may legally depart without paying."

Curiosity.—Some English people were visiting an elegant private garden at Palermo, Sicily, and among the little ornamental buildings, they came to one upon which was written "*Non aperite*;" that is, "Don't open." This prohibition only served to excite their curiosity, and they very uncivilly proceeded to disobey the hospitable owner's injunction. On opening the door, a forcible jet of water was squirted full in their faces—a very just, though not very severe retribution.

Photographic Painting.—An artist at Rome, named Roudoin, has just succeeded in taking photographic drawings on stone, and printing from it. In that way he printed a lithograph of a nebula of Orion. [This is printing, at second hand, from nature herself; bringing the firmament within one move of the press! The next process will be, to print speech and music warm from the lips.]—*Spectator.*

Adventures of a Five-pound Note.—A collection was made at St. Martin's Church for the Colonial Bishops' Fund, not long since, when a religious old lady placed on the plate a 5*l.* note. While the churchwardens were carrying the treasure from the portico of the church to the vestry, guarded by the beadies, a strong gust of wind carried off the 5*l.* note. It remained over the roof of the church for some time; the beadies, in their robes of office, looked at it in wild astonishment; and, as it floated towards the river, they set off as fast as their legs could carry them, shouting "Stop it!" "Catch it!" The public ran in all directions, believing that the cry was "Stop thief!" A general pursuit ensued, but no one could see either the thief or the object of pursuit, till the beadies stopped it in Northumberland street; and cried out, "It is caught by the churchwarden's chimney." On ascending the roof of Mr. Cobbett's house, they found the note all safe.

Truth works silently.—We are apt to over estimate the effect of opposition to truth, simply because opposition makes itself heard—whereas, conviction assents without any noisy boasting.—*Dr. Whately.*

Sarcastic.—"Did you present your account to the defendant?" inquired a lawyer of a client. "I did, your honour." "And what did he say?" "He told me to go to the devil." "And what did you do then?" "Why then—I came to you."

Violets.—Spring flowers, how I love them; flowers that come only in the spring. If the season is mild, you may find, in November even, a stray wallflower or polyanthus in the garden, or a weakly primrose in the hedge; but the snowdrop and crocus in the neat border, and the violet on the sunny bank; if you find these, it must be spring. And, talking of violets, here we are in the beautiful lane where we find so many, white violets mostly, and such large ones, and so sweet! I always think of that lane when I see a bunch of violets; the green moss, and the snail-shells, brown and yellow, that we picked up there,—and the sprays of blackthorn, leafless, but studded with their delicate blossoms: all is present in my mind. Long years after this, in the crowded market of the neighbouring city, I would seek out the neat farmers' wives, who came from our village and its neighbourhood; and, as I purchased their sweet violets, could almost fancy I knew the very lanes where they had been gathered. * * * * A penny a bunch! Surely they are worth it for the memories they bring; besides, as the mother pleasantly observes, "It is the children's money." In the grey twilight, along the quiet hedge-rows, they went plucking one after another, till the early evening closed in, and they hastened home with the treasure. Who will buy them? Some mother perhaps will take a bunch of them to her sick child, and in her quiet chamber help those weak hands to arrange them in the glass. Some young sempstress will come—she and her companions were wondering yesterday, as they bent over their weary work, wondering whether the violets were come; and she is planning a kind surprise by taking them a bunch. Here comes a smart footman; his mistress fancies some violets, and she will place them on her elegant cheffonier, in the opal vase beside the Indian box, and amidst the gay confusion of cut glass and embroidery.—*Recollections of Childhood.*

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